

Our Story Teller.

Through Straddle Rock Cove

By GEORGE E. WALSH

Copyright, 1936, by George E. Walsh

BOGGLES came aboard at Hallifax—a stranded, battered, doleful, sea-anxious to sail to the north coast. He was suffering from a plethora of hard luck, but to Mr. Pierce he had the appearance of one recovering from a period of dissipation. Annette saw only the picturesque side of Boggles, and he was tentatively engaged on the spot.

"I know the Newfoundland coast better than I know the chart of the ocean," confessed the pilot in a soft, pleading voice. "Seeing that I was born in Straddle Rock Cove and lived there until I was old enough to run away, I ought to."

Annette was romantic, and she anticipated his thoughts.

"And you want to visit your old home again?" she asked sympathetically.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm dying to do that; been trying to get back in the old



"OH, BOGGLES! WHY DID THIS HAPPEN?"

home port for well-nigh twenty years, but what with hard luck and other things I've always missed it. Once at St. John's, I says to myself, now I'll see Straddle Rock again before I die. I was so sure of it that I had to break a leg celebrating the event. Of course no one wanted a sailor with a game leg, and I had to stay in port until the season was too far advanced to go north. Then I shipped to the States again to keep from starving."

Boggles lumped a trifle yet from his broken leg, and one eye seemed to squint with diabolical cunning when you looked him square in the face, but Annette saw none of the ugly sides of the subject; she liked, and Boggles charmed her.

Mr. Pierce grumbled at the bargain, but finally submitted. Pilots familiar with the north coast were scarce in Halifax, and the season was late anyway. "Well, it's for Annette's sake I'm up here," he confessed, "and I suppose I shouldn't object if Annette approves."

"He looks honest, but a bit hardened on the surface by too much contact with the world," ventured Dr. Langdon, with a smile. "I think his story of being born and nurtured in Straddle Rock Cove is a myth, however. I doubt if there is such a place."

"We must visit Straddle Rock Cove," said Annette positively one day. "Mr. Boggles" she always dignified the old pilot with Mr.—"can guide us there. It's an immensely dangerous harbor, and no one can enter it in a storm except Mr. Boggles."

"Boggles may be all right," drawled the doctor, "but I draw the line at going into Straddle Rock Cove with him in a storm."

Annette ignored the interruption. Mr. Pierce was bored with the whole trip, and he was willing to yield anything for peace.

"You will visit the cove, papa, where Boggles was born?" Annette continued. "You will make him happy again. He's been dreaming of this trip for twenty years."

"If you will be satisfied to return home then we may run in the harbor," craftily replied Mr. Pierce, anxious to shorten the trip by striking any sort of a bargain.

"Yes," reluctantly, "after we stay there a few days."

Straddle Rock grew daily in importance thereafter. It was the first definite point of entry for the yacht. Captain Reed looked the place up on the charts. There was a group of small rocks off a dangerous point of the coast, locally known by the fishermen as Straddle rocks. They were marked "Dangerous" and "No Safe Harbor For Ships or Yachts." He carried his information to the owner and grumbled with malicious intent.

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least, captain," retorted Mr. Pierce, annoyed by the new interference. "Annette is persistent, and you must oblige her. Really, it's none of my affair."

"But, sir, this man Boggles may wreck us."

Mr. Pierce waved his hand contemptuously. "Talk to Annette," he murmured.

Annette checked the ineffectual mutiny by closing herself in the chart room with the captain for two whole hours. When they emerged both were smiling. No orders were given to change the course of the yacht.

The waters of the north coast met them a week later. They were cold and icy, with the breath of floating bergs hovering over them. Boggles was consulted by the captain, and his meek, submissive air sloughed off to make place for the official bearing of "Mr. Boggles, the north coast pilot."

Boggles was to report for duty the following morning. As his last unofficial act he helped the mate to repair the small acetylene gas generator in the forward part of the yacht. This was used in emergencies for the forward searchlight.

"We've got to keep a sharp lookout for icebergs now," Captain Reed had warned, "and that forward searchlight must be fixed up."

Boggles didn't know much about acetylene gas. Neither did the first mate. They tampered with the plant for two hours, and then a muffled explosion forward alarmed every member of the crew. It was the first mate who exclaimed incoherently:

"The thing—the tank exploded right in our faces. It was so sudden that I can't say how."

Boggles couldn't explain, for he was blinded and his body was blazing like a human torch covered with pitch. The captain and Dr. Langdon squelched the flames, so the yacht was safe, and Annette, with two sailors, rescued Boggles from incineration.

Mr. Pierce was angry and bored to the point of saying:

"How annoying! Any one hurt?"

"Boggles is pretty well done up," the doctor replied, scarping the charred skin from the blackened face. "He's blind as a bat for one thing, and—"

Boggles groaned and stammered in a hoarse whisper:

"I knew I'd never see Straddle Rock Cove again. I might have known something would happen. Oh, why didn't I stay away?"

Captain Reed called another meeting to consider the question of changing the yacht's course. "Mr. Boggles is now incapacitated," he exclaimed, "and of course no one else is familiar with this coast."

"That's so," retorted Mr. Pierce, with sudden enlightenment. "Then we must return—at once."

A malevolent light of joy illumined his features.

"Exactly," replied the captain. "I shall order the course changed."

"Not today, captain," interrupted Annette sweetly. "It seems like some sacrilege to turn around and run home so soon after Mr. Boggles is laid up. I—I think we should keep on a day or two. There is some hope, Dr. Langdon, isn't there?"

The doctor shook his head. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, Annette, but there's none. Boggles is blind—totally blind. He may in six months or a year recover some of his sight, but it is a forlorn hope."

Annette's face darkened. Mr. Pierce thought she was about to cry, and he hastily said:

"We might keep on the same course for a day or two, captain, out of respect for Boggles, and—"

"Yes, yes, certainly," Annette gave them both a grateful smile, and the conference was ended. Boggles absorbed more attention now than before the accident. Every one paid him deference, but that was partly because all, from the humblest to the highest, knew that the trip was to be abandoned in a day or two. But Boggles didn't know, and he kept moaning:

"I'll never see the Straddle rocks again! If I could see 'em I'd be in heaven! Ah, there they are! Are you here, ma'am? Look at 'em! See the sun on 'em! There's where I was born—twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years ago, ma'am!"

"Oh, Boggles!" moaned Annette in return. "Why did this happen?"

Now, the meeting of the cold breath from the north coast and the warm wind from the southern summer plays havoc with the sea at many points between Newfoundland and Labrador. Pierce elemental struggles of the atmosphere shake the sea and earth, and for days and nights no ship is safe in those far regions.

The Grayling was a staunch yacht, but rather undersized for a cruise so far from port. When the wind struck her she danced lightly in the choppy sea, but as the storm developed she grew troubled and frightened.

Boggles had recovered from his feverish delirium and was rational. He heard the storm and found an atom of consolation in it. It relieved his mind of the weight pressing upon it.

For a night and day the yacht drifted. Then in the blackness of the second night the vortex of the frightful storm was reached, with the craft ill prepared to meet it.

The forward watch reported breakers ahead, and the jagged outline of rocks was seen in the distant background. The Grayling was drifting steadily toward them. It was a matter of an hour before she would strike.

Annette heard the summons to prepare for the worst. The two boats which were left would hold the crew and passengers, and there was no alternative but to trust their lives to the tender mercies of the breakers in them.

"Boggles, you must rise and go with me," Annette said. "I'll lead you. We're drifting on the rocks."

"What rocks—Straddle rocks?"

"I don't know," laughed Annette hysterically. "It would be funny if they were."

"No, ma'am, it wouldn't, for they're dangerous—very dangerous in a storm like this."

"Oh, if you could only see, Mr. Boggles, you would save us!"

"Yes, I'd save you. I know the coast."

He pressed a hand to his throbbing head.

"What rocks did you say they were?" he queried again. "How do they look—tall, rugged and straddling, as if they wanted to block up the entrance to the cove? That's them. Yes, I know them."

"I didn't say, Mr. Boggles, what they looked like?"

"Yes, I know that sound," interrupted the man suddenly. "That's off the Saddle's hump. It's three miles to the west of the entrance. I know my reckoning now. I'll take the yacht."

"Mr. Boggles, it is!" Annette started to interpose, but the old pilot was at the door of his stateroom.

"There, take those things away!" he said impatiently, stripping the bandages from his forehead. "I can't see with them on!"

Annette mechanically picked up the discarded strips of fine linen and followed her erstwhile patient through the door. Boggles was on deck before her. All was confusion and blackness there, but the pilot wended his way through the obstructions to the pilot house.

"I'll take her, captain, now," he announced gently. "I've got my bearings. That's the Saddle's hump, and over there's Straddle rocks. It's nasty weather in here."

Captain Reed stared at the vision, but it was too dark to see clearly. His own nerves were considerably rattled by the recent series of events, and he stepped back in something like superstition.

"Let her go ahead full speed, captain," Boggles continued. "The tide runs like blades through these channels."

The sailors halted in their work and left the boats swaying half down the davits. Mr. Pierce shouted angrily:

"What's he doing—wrecking us on his blamed rocks?"

"Wait a moment, Mr. Pierce," Dr. Langdon said, the intuition of a vision possessing him. "He can't make matters worse."

"Isn't he blind?" snorted the owner.

"Yes, we're all blind," answered the doctor meekly.



"I'LL TAKE HER, CAPTAIN, NOW."

The crash of the breakers on their right drowned all further conversation. The wind veered and shrieked a new tune, and the Grayling cleared the line of rocks by a scant yard.

"That was as close as we could run to the hump without going on," exclaimed Boggles, with both hands on the wheel.

"Now," with a sigh, "for the Straddle rocks. They're worse, much worse in this weather."

"Good God! Then we're lost!" groaned Mr. Pierce. "We can't live in anything worse than that."

"Hush, papa!" whispered Annette. "I think Boggles may know."

The yacht yawed and swung wide of the next line of breakers, then faced the black towering rocks. Boggles held her steadily toward them. There was no opening. The sea dashed mountain high against their precipitous face. The white foam splattered the bow of the boat. Mr. Pierce could stand it no longer. He broke loose and shouted in a frenzy:

"We're crazy! That madman will wreck us! Take the wheel, Captain Reed! I command you! Take it!"

But the captain fumbled in speech and movements. Then he was arrested by a most violent lurch of the yacht. There was a grinding and grating of steel against an unyielding substance. Some one shrieked awfully. It seemed an eternity for the bewildered spectators, but Boggles sighed and said:

"There, we're through the Straddle now! We're safe, captain!"

The towering wall of rocks had miraculously opened, and the Grayling shot through a channel so narrow that her sides scraped the outer edges of the strange formation of granite. The current swept the craft forward with accelerated speed.

Then the sea lost its turbulence and the wind its power for evil. Protected on all sides by abutments of rocks, the sheltered cove was like a mill pond compared to the raging sea.

"We'll anchor here, captain," Boggles was saying. "The tide is not so swift inside the rocks, and the bottom is sandy. I'll take a rest now. I'm tired, and it's getting dark, very dark. I never knew the cove to be so dark before. I can hardly see the rocks. I think—I'm falling."

It was Annette's arm he clutched, and Annette and the doctor led him below to his room.

TOO MUCH OF A JOKE.

What marriage would endure after a practical joke, especially upon the husband? A St. Louis man, victim of a merry jest, is suing his wife for divorce. The pair went to a masked ball. The husband was somewhat jealous of a German actor. The wife disappeared in the throng, and after a long search the husband grew suspicious of a pair in black dominoes who appeared much interested in each other. The other women at the ball insinuated that the pair were the wife and the actor. The husband gave the female black domino a severe lecture, when, lo, his wife appeared wearing no mask except an expression of innocence! Everybody laughed, and the whole farce-comedy had been arranged in advance. The husband's sense of humor would not stand the strain. He seeks relief from the practical joker.

A Remarkable Watch.

There is in the possession of the czar a very remarkable watch. It was made by a Polish mechanic named Julius Curzon. The late czar had heard some wonderful tales about the inventive ability of this man, and, wishing personally to test his skill, he sent him a parcel containing a few copper nails, some wood chippings, a piece of broken glass, an old cracked china cup, some wire and a few cribbage board pegs. Accompanying this was a command to make them into a time-piece. Within a remarkably short time the czar received them back in the shape of a watch. The case was made of china and the works of the other odds and ends. So pleased and astonished was the czar that he sent for the man, conferred several distinctions on him and granted him a pension.

Reads by the Light of a Sausage.

Professor Hans Molisch of Prague, according to the London Mail, has been able to read a newspaper by the microbe glow emanating from a sausage. All meat—beef as often as in 52 cases out of 100 and veal in 50 out of 100—contains the microbe which projects a greenish white light. With sausages it is not so frequent, but is, when present, much stronger. When the fat on the luminous sausage was scraped away it immediately ceased to give forth light, but as soon as the surface had again been covered by the fat oozing from the interior the light reappeared. Professor Molisch asserts that the presence of these microbes in meat is no sign of decay, but rather the contrary, as in no case have they been found in meat unfit for human consumption.

Alfonso as an Eater.

King Alfonso of Spain is devoted to the pleasures of the table and keeps a cook on duty until 4 in the morning, so that he can have supper up to that hour. Five meals are served daily in the Escorial palace. Here is the king's eating schedule for the day: Eight a. m., breakfast, tea, coffee, chocolate, milk, rolls and cold meat; 11 a. m., luncheon with the ministers of state, soup, two entrees, joint, vegetables, sweets and fruit; 4 p. m., tea or Spanish wine, cakes and sandwiches; 7 p. m., dinner, two soups, two entrees, two joints, vegetables, ices, sweets, fruits, Spanish wines, champagne; 9:30 p. m., tea, wines, cold meat, cakes and dessert.

A Bronze Mummy.

A miner who lost his life while at work 2,000 years ago has been taken from a copper mine in Chile recently. His whole body had been mummified by the action of copper oxide, which had given it a greenish tinge. The mummy is in a fine state of preservation. Coarse sacking, evidently the clothing of the ancient Inca workman, was found with the body, as were also two mallets, one fashioned out of granite and the other out of ironstone. These implements were tied with things into bent sticks made as double handles. Both the hide and the sticks were as fresh looking when found as if they had been in use only the day before.

A Promising Boy.

"My boy," said the frenzied financier, "you must remember that you can't eat your cake and have it."

A Formidable Name.

The cafe proprietors of Berne, Switzerland, having clubbed together to do away with beer by raising its price 5 centimes and serving it in small glasses, have met with opposition. Some patrons have formed a society called "Viederillitigationskommission der gartenversammlungspetition," a word of just sixty-seven letters.

His Money's Worth.

"What's the matter, old chap? You look thin."

Man Responsible For the Corset.

Curiously enough women are not responsible for the existence of the corset at all, for the first corset mentioned in history was worn by a man, the Greek poet Cinesias, and Aristophanes ridicules him for it in his comedies. Cinesias, who was vain to a degree, endeavored to add to the symmetry of his tall, slim figure by wearing a corset of little planks of wood. The Emperor Antonius Plus adopted it later, and then gradually Roman women affected it, although it then only encircled the waist, leaving the bust free. Gradually it extended downward and upward until it reached modern proportions, Catherine de' Medici being the first woman to wear the bust corset in France.



"A Good Plug to Anchor to"

The chew that for forty years has been the steady chew of thousands of men the country over, is surely a chew worth depending on. Because "Star" quality was best, has been kept best, and is still best it has become the standard chew.

STAR PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

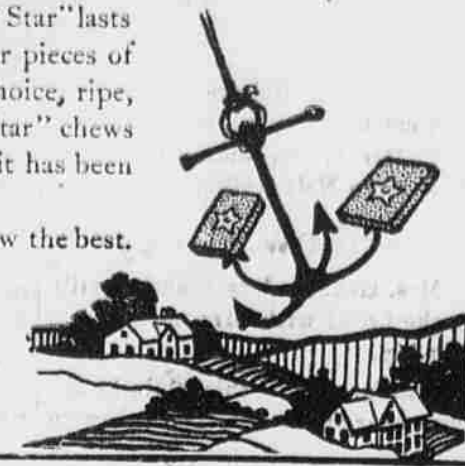
The tremendous popularity of "Star" has been won through honest value—full-weight 16-oz. plugs, high quality and standard price.

"Star" is really the most economical chew you can buy—a 10c. piece of "Star" lasts twice as long as bigger pieces of cheaper kinds—the choice, ripe, sweet, elastic leaf in "Star" chews waxy and rich until it has been chewed dry.

Get "Star" and chew the best.

150,000,000 10c. pieces sold annually

In All Stores



CHRISTIANITY AND ISLAM.

In Their Origin Both Religions Are Asiatic and Semitic.

In their origin Christianity and Islam are both Asiatic, both Semitic, and Jerusalem is but a few hundred miles from Mecca. In regard to the number of their adherents both have steadily increased from the beginning to the present day. But Mohammedanism has been practically confined to Asia and Africa, while Christianity has been the religion of Europe and the new world, and politically it rules now over all the world, except China and Turkey.

Mohammedanism has been identified with a stationary civilization and Christianity with a progressive one. There was a time—from the eighth century to the thirteenth—when science and philosophy flourished in Europe. But Islam has shown that this brilliant period was neither Arabic nor Mohammedan in its spirit or origin, and although his statements may admit of some modification, it is certain that, however brilliant while it lasted, this period has left no trace in the Moslem faith unless it be in the philosophical basis of Mohammedan law, while Christianity has led the way in the progress of modern civilization.

Both of these are positive religions. Each claims to rest upon a divine revelation which is in its nature final and unchangeable. Yet the one is stationary and the other progressive. The one is based upon what it believes to be divine commands and the other upon divine principles—just the difference that there is between the law of Sinai and the law of love, the Ten Commandments and the two. The ten are specific and unchangeable; the two admit of ever new and progressive application.—Contemporary Review.

A Master of Slang.

Professor Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen is said to have had a remarkable knowledge of slang. Although he never wrote in dialect, it was not from want of familiarity with it. He was well up in the hobo talk of trampdom, he knew something of the gypsy patter, and from the pigeon English of Chinatown to the thieves' slang of the dock rats there was not a slang spoken in New York of which he had not a basic knowledge. When he was professor in Cornell university, two juniors out driving one day overtook him walking along a country road, near Ithaca, in company with a most tattered and disreputable tramp. As the collegians drove slowly by they overheard part of the conversation. To their great surprise, they discovered that the professor and the tramp were indulging in a hot and heavy slang match, and, from what they could hear, the tramp was coming out second best.

Man Responsible For the Corset.

Curiously enough women are not responsible for the existence of the corset at all, for the first corset mentioned in history was worn by a man, the Greek poet Cinesias, and Aristophanes ridicules him for it in his comedies. Cinesias, who was vain to a degree, endeavored to add to the symmetry of his tall, slim figure by wearing a corset of little planks of wood. The Emperor Antonius Plus adopted it later, and then gradually Roman women affected it, although it then only encircled the waist, leaving the bust free. Gradually it extended downward and upward until it reached modern proportions, Catherine de' Medici being the first woman to wear the bust corset in France.

H. V. Excursions.

Winno Lake Assembly, ticket on sale to Sept. 30 at low excursion rates, good for return until Oct. 31. See C. W. Schwenke for full information.

Fishing excursion rates tickets to points in Northern Michigan will be sold June 18 to Sept. 30, good returning 15 days from date of sale.

Mexico City, Mex., and return Sept. 2 to 13, \$66.45 good returning until Oct. 21.

Toronto, Ont., and return Sept. 13 to 16, \$11.75 round trip. Tickets good returning until Sept. 24 and extension may be had to Oct. 24.

Chattanooga and return Sept. 16, 17 and 18, \$11.85, good returning until Oct. 31.

Memphis, Tenn., and return Oct. 15 to 18, \$18.40 good returning until Nov. 30. See C. W. Schwenke for particulars.

Rock Island and return \$10.55. Tickets sold Oct. 7, 8 and 9, good for return until Oct. 16.

Chattanooga and return \$11.82, tickets on sale Oct. 15, 16 and 17, good returning until Oct. 30, but may be extended until Nov. 30.

New Orleans and return \$25.55, tickets on sale Oct. 12 to 15 good for return until Oct. 30 but may be extended until Nov. 30.

Notice to Teachers.

The Board of School Examiners of Hocking County will meet at the School Building in Logan, Ohio, at 2:30 a. m., on the first Saturday of each month for the examination of applicants for Teacher's Elementary Certificates and on the first Saturday of September, December, March and June for the examination of applicants for Teacher's High School and Superintendents' Certificates. Examinations for pupils desiring to enter high schools will be held on the Third Thursday of April and Second Saturday of May.

J. C. STOUTEN, President
D. E. HANSEL, Clerk
C. W. WYNN, Vice President
Logan, Ohio, February 2, 1937

Probate Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts and Vouchers have been filed in the Probate Court of Hocking County, Ohio, for first and final settlement Victoria Phipps Administratrix, with the will annexed, of the Estate of Jesse H. G. Sutter deceased, and the same will come on for hearing on the 15th day of October A. D. 1936 at 10 o'clock A. M., or as soon thereafter as may be convenient.

F. P. MARTIN, Probate Judge

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Clark Francisco Deceased. The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth Francisco late of Hocking County, Ohio, deceased. Dated this 15th day of September A. D. 1936.

CLARK FRANCISCO, Administrator

Probate Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts and Vouchers have been filed in the Probate Court of Hocking County, Ohio, for first and final settlement C. V. Wright, Administrator, de bonis non, with the will annexed, of the Estate of Thomas H. Widdowson and the same will come on for hearing on the 15th day of October A. D. 1936 at 10 o'clock A. M., or as soon thereafter as may be convenient.

F. P. MARTIN, Probate Judge

ECZEMA and PILE CURE

FREE. Knowing what it was to suffer, I will give FREE OF CHARGE, to any afflicted a positive cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Piles and Skin Diseases. Instant relief. Don't suffer longer. Write F. W. WILLIAMS, 400 Manhattan Ave. New York. Enclose Stamp.

R. R. New Schedule H. V. - Ry.

In effect Dec. 16, 1936.

GOING SOUTH.

	A	M	P	M	P	M
Leave Logan	7:00	+	5:15	+	8:00	
Arr. Nelsonville	10:00		5:45		8:28	
Arr. Athens	10:00		5:15		9:00	
Arr. Murray City	4:10					
Arr. New Pittsburg	11:25		6:45			
	A	M	A	M	P	M
Leave Logan	7:25	+	9:25	+	10:18	12:18
Arr. McArdle	8:00		9:25		6:11	
Arr. Harrod	8:00		9:45		6:15	
Arr. Wellston	8:06		10:21		6:45	
Arr. Jackson	10:20		10:21		7:15	
Arr. Gallipolis			12:10		7:50	
Arr. Pomeroy			12:45		8:25	